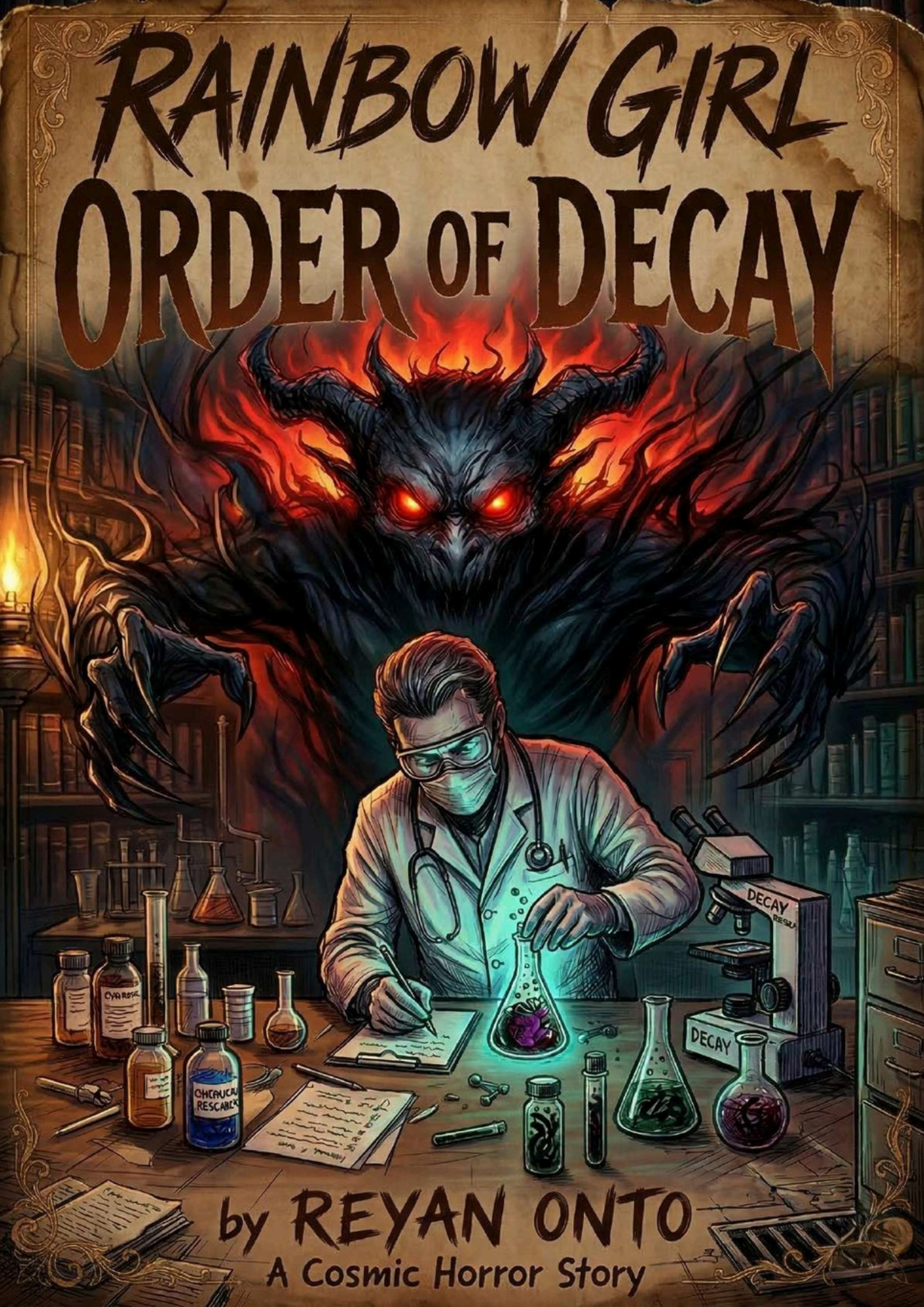
RAINBOW GIRL
ORDER OF DECAY



by REYAN ONTO

A Cosmic Horror Story

About The Author

Reyan Onto is a Bangladeshi singer, songwriter, producer, and author. Despite spending much of his life battling panic disorder, he has remained a relentlessly creative force. He has self-published three cosmic horror books through the Internet Archive: ***Dedicated to No One***, ***The Business of Being Loved***, and his latest, ***Rainbow Girl: Order of Decay***. As a musician, performing under the artist name **Reyan The Rebel**, he released the album ***The Story of My Death***. In a country where creativity is often undervalued, Reyan continues to push boundaries and dedicate himself to his art.

[**This book is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. All names, characters, and incidents are the product of the author's imagination.**]

Rainbow Girl : Order Of Decay :

When a person dies, it happens in stages. First, the heart, that tireless drum, falters. The blood, once warm, turns sluggish. And the brain—my sister's brain—ceased its quiet orchestra of thought and memory. I stood at the foot of those stairs in Ravens, a country where atheism was the only religion, and death was an endless, dark horizon. My sister, Lila—everyone called her Rainbow Girl—fell while playing with her dolls. She slipped on the third step, tumbled, and when I reached her, her tiny hand was already cooling. She was twelve, and everyone in Ravens adored her for that pure kindness that seemed to radiate from her. That's why they gave her the nickname "Rainbow Girl"

I was almost thirty, but as they spoke of burial, of letting her go, I refused. In a land like Ravens—where faith was never language—I decided I would reverse-engineer death. I would decode the silent language of decay, dissect each moment of dissolution, and bring her back. I didn't know how, but every step on this path through Ravens would be a step toward defying the void.

Mr. Alistair (Rafael's Butler) placed a silver tray on the kitchen table. The aroma of warm broth and bread filled the air, but I didn't reach for it. Instead, I stared out the window, the gray skyline of Ravens pressing down like a weight.

"Master Raphael," Mr. Alistair said, his voice soft but edged with caution, "are you truly sure this is the right path? Your father always dreamed you would become a doctor, to heal in ways that don't betray nature."

I closed my eyes, the weight of his words pressing on me, but then I shook my head. "You don't get it, do you?" I said, my voice low, almost a whisper. "Death is the only thing we, humanoids, are utterly vulnerable to. We have no idea why it happens, no way to control it, no map. But Lila—my sister—just died. And I swear to you, her body is still whole, still perfect. I have only a few hours. After that, the organs, the cells—they will rot, and all hope will slip away."

Mr. Alistair bowed his head, silent, and for a moment, the room felt as fragile as a heartbeat. And so, with each ticking second, I rose from that table, determined that I would not let death have the last word.

Eventually, the cells begin to break down, and the entire body decays, but this chain—brain, heart, liver, kidneys—usually marks the first steps of that inevitable decline.

The clock was ticking in the dim basement lab. I knelt beside Lila's small, pale body, my hands trembling as I unfastened the bracelet from her wrist—a bracelet she used to twirl between her fingers when she smiled. Time was slipping, and I could feel it in my bones—like the liver inside her cooling, beginning its slow collapse. I couldn't let it go. I lifted her, wrapped in a linen cloth, and carried her to the cold storage unit in the corner. The freezer whirred as I laid her down, the chill already beginning to halt the rot, if only for a few hours.

But as I stepped away, Alistair reappeared, his brow creased, his voice heavy with worry. "Master Raphael, if you truly think about this—if it is even possible—should you not consider that your father's dream, the one of healing, was never about defying death? Perhaps there are some boundaries we should not cross."

I turned to him, a weight heavier than the frost settling in my chest. "No," I said, my voice breaking. "You don't understand. I can't bury her, not yet. I can't let this be the end."

I sat down on the cold metal stool, my breath fogging in the dim air as I reached for Lila's hand. I had only taken a short break, but when I opened the freezer, the frost bit at my fingertips. And as I ran a hand over her abdomen, I saw it—the liver, once a strong beacon in her tiny body, had softened, was turning to a mushy ruin. If I tried now, if I forced the spark of life back into her, her body would never hold. I was out of time, out of options.

I stood abruptly, my voice sharp, cutting through the cold. "Alistair, I need you to find me a liver. Call every hospital nearby—any source, anyone who might have a donor. I don't care if it's impossible; I will offer them a million dollars if I have to."

Alistair hesitated, his fingers tightening around the phone. “Master, this is not just a matter of money. People don’t give up their children’s organs lightly. There’s a moral line here.”

“I don’t care about moral lines,” I spat, each word heavy with grief. “This is my sister. Call them. I will not let her vanish because I was too late, too afraid, or too cautious.”

Hours later, the door creaked open, and Alistair returned, a small package in his hand. It was a liver, harvested from a young donor just hours ago, preserved in a cold gel. I couldn’t suppress a tight, sick smile—not happiness, but the sharp edge of obsession. I set the liver aside, prepared everything, and slowly began the incision. Alistair watched me, his eyes flickering with unease as I sutured the new organ into place. But as time ticked on, his gaze sharpened, and he stepped closer, a whisper in his voice.

“Raphael, you did replace the abdomen, but look closely—if the brain is gone, if the maggots have started, if it is decaying as fast as you fear—then no matter how perfect this liver is, the brain is the command center. Without it, there is no life.”

I froze, fingers hovering over the sutures, but still, I shook my head. “Don’t worry, Alistair. I’ll figure it out. I’ll find another approach, another way. After all, I’m one of the best medical professionals in Ravens. I won’t fail her—not now.”

As I carefully adjusted the sutures, Alistair stepped closer, his gaze distant. “You know, Raphael,” he said softly, his voice like a thread unraveling, “you’re the spitting image of your father. I saw you just now, in the way you moved, so determined—so like him when I first met him.” I paused, a bitter laugh escaping before I could stop it.

“You know,” I said, my voice rough, “when my father was younger, and you started serving him, I was just a boy. Now, look at me—I’m almost thirty. And you, Alistair—you really haven’t aged a day, have you? How do you do it? How do you stay so stress-free in a world where depression and anxiety are always waiting to swallow you whole?”

He smiled faintly, but there was a shadow behind it, a weight he'd carried since he was a boy. "I don't have the answers, Raphael. I just keep going. But you—you, you're playing with the edges of life and death, and I fear, if you cross them, you may lose yourself."

I didn't respond. I just looked down at Lila, her small chest still, and let that fear settle in my bones, even as I prepared for the next step.

We worked in a heavy, suffocating silence, until Alistair's voice broke it. "Raphael," he whispered, his eyes darting to the freezer, "the liver—it's rotting faster than we thought. You have to stop this before it all collapses." I clenched my fists, forcing down the panic, and said, "Alistair, find me another donor. A liver—no matter what it costs, one million, two million—I don't care. I need it to work."

Alistair hesitated, his fingers tightening on the surgical tray. "Master Raphael, it's worth nothing—you've only been at this for a few hours. If you cannot reverse-engineer this damage within a day, the brain—if it begins to fail—you won't bring her back. Raphael, you're literally playing with the impossible. As humanoids, we are programmed to die. And even if you find a way—this won't be easy."

I spun around, my anger flaring as I jabbed a finger in his direction. "Just because you look young, Alistair, doesn't mean you can dismiss everything I'm doing! You are old enough in your mind, aren't you? I give the orders, and you do what I say. Now, call the hospitals. I will not be stopped."

The new liver was inside her. My hands were steady while I stitched her back together, but my mind wasn't. Every stitch felt like I was trying to sew time itself—trying to close something that should never have been opened.

But even as I stepped back, something felt wrong. Not outside. Inside my head. Inside hers.

"The brain..." Alistair said quietly behind me. I didn't answer. Because I was already thinking about it.

The brain doesn't die all at once. It dies slowly. First, it loses oxygen. Then the cells begin to panic. Then they start to break—one by one—like lights turning off in a city. Memory goes first. Then understanding. Then everything.

I walked away from the table. I couldn't look at her face anymore. Because a question had started growing inside me: If I bring her back... who will come back?

"We can't stop now, Alistair," I said. My voice sounded empty. "There has to be a way."

"There isn't," he replied. "You're trying to fix something that isn't broken. Death is not a mistake."

I let out a small laugh. "Of course it is."

I went to my father's study. Dust. Silence. Old books that smelled like forgotten time. But I wasn't looking for knowledge. I was looking for hope. Or maybe an excuse.

Then I saw it. A small glass jar. Inside it—a dead flower. Black. Not dark red. Not purple. Black. Like it had swallowed all light.

The Poisoned Lotus.

As a child, I was told stories about it. They said insects would carry pieces of that flower to their dead. And for a few moments—the dead would move again. Not alive. Not really. Just moving. Like something was trying to come back but couldn't.

I used to think it was just a story. A cruel one.

But now—now it made sense. "It's not magic," I whispered. "It's chemistry."

I spent hours studying it. Breaking it down. Trying to understand what it actually did. And slowly—it became clear.

The flower had two effects. Simple but terrifying.

First—it sends a signal to the brain. A very strong one. Like a final scream. Even after death, it forces the brain to fire one last time. That's why the body moves. That's why the eyes open. That's why it feels real.

Second—it slows down decay. Just for a little while. It protects the cells. Keeps them from breaking too fast. Like putting a pause button on death.

But there's a problem. A big one. The brain is not just electricity. It's an order. Structure. Memory. Identity. The flower creates noise. Too much noise. Like a thousand voices screaming at once. There's movement—but no person.

"That's why it doesn't work," I said. "They move... but they're not there."

Then I realized something. Something that made my heart beat faster. What if I guide it?

I looked at my own hands. My blood (XZ positive). My body. I shared half of my genes with her. Half of me was her.

So I created something new. Something unnatural. I took my blood and extracted tiny particles—exosomes—the things the body uses to send messages between cells. Think of them like delivery boxes. Then I filled those boxes with two things:

First—a synthesized copy of the flower's neurosteroid analogue. The thing that forces the brain to wake up.

Second—something I made myself. A custom antisense oligonucleotide. A small piece of biological code. Its job was simple: to calm the chaos. To reduce the noise. To force the brain to follow a pattern. Not perfect. But better than madness.

"It won't bring her memories back," I said to myself. "But maybe—it will bring her back."

I held the liquid in my hand. It was glowing faint blue. Beautiful. Terrifying.

At that moment, the door opened. Alistair stood there. His face looked different. Older. Tired.

"Master Raphael," he said softly. "The donor liver—it's here."

I took the package from him without a word. The liver I'd already implanted was failing. Rotting faster than I'd predicted. This new one—harvested just hours ago from a young victim of a car accident—was my second chance. My only chance.

I worked quickly. Removing the failing organ. Preparing the new one. Suturing it into place with the precision of a man who had nothing left but precision. Alistair watched in silence, his ageless face unreadable.

When it was done, I stepped back. The new liver was perfect. Healthy. Alive. But Lila remained still.

I looked at the vial in my hand. The blue liquid. My hybrid of flower and science. My key.

I walked to her side. Pressed the syringe gently against her neck. The carotid artery—the fastest path to the brain. I injected it. I turned around.

Nothing happened. Seconds passed. A minute.

Then—a sound. Soft. Wet. Wrong.

I turned. Her hand—it moved.

"Lila...?" I whispered.

Her eyes opened. But they weren't right. They were unfocused. Lost. Like she was looking through the world instead of at it.

Then she looked at me. And for a second—just one second—she saw me.

"Brother...?" she said. Her voice was dry. Broken.

My heart stopped. "I'm here," I said quickly. "I'm right here—"

She cried out. Her face twisted in pain. "Why does it hurt so bad...Please just end me again?"

And just like that—it was gone. Her eyes rolled back. Her body went still. Blood started coming out of her nose. Dark. Almost black.

Silence. Again.

I stood there. Not moving. Not breathing.

It worked. For a moment—it worked. And that was enough.

Because now—I knew. Death is not a wall. It's a door. And I just found the key. But the door didn't open fully.

So now—I have to break it down.

The weight of her body still pressed on me, but now, like a slow poison, something else pressed inside my head. I looked at Lila's still form, and a creeping dread sank into my chest. The damage wasn't just in her liver—it was in her brain. The maggots, unseen, were already feasting inside her skull, and the brain couldn't be saved. If I didn't act, she would be gone forever.

Alistair returned, his face as calm as ever, but a chill ran down my spine. I gave the order again—"Find me a healthy brain, the exact age Lila is now. Don't think; just do it." And he walked away, but this time, something was off. A smile—cold, slow—formed at the corners of his lips. And for a second, I felt fear grip me—because he wasn't just calm; he was too calm.

I sank into a chair, and the dread grew heavier. How was he getting these organs so fast? My bank didn't send out any payments; I hadn't seen wires move. And yet, every time I ordered, he was back within minutes—like a shadow, like a ghost moving faster than reality. Then, something even worse crossed my mind.

I was almost frozen as I opened the family memory book. There it was—a picture of Alistair, right there beside my parents, when they were all twenty years old—the exact age I was now. My stomach twisted because Alistair still looks exactly the same even after all these years.

I rushed to the computer, my hands shaking, and opened the employee records. The screen stared back at me with a cold fact—Alistair had died in that car crash alongside my parents twelve years ago. The world stopped. The man I had been trusting, the one who found every organ, every answer—he didn't survive. So, now, I sat there, paralyzed. Was I dreaming of him? Was this some glitch, some

trick of the mind, like a broken circuit? How could he still be here, when he was supposed to be gone? And as I stared, I realized, maybe this wasn't just about Lila. Maybe I wasn't just trying to bring her back. Maybe I was grasping at a father I'd lost long ago—or maybe a part of me that never really grew up at all.

Before Alistair returned with a healthy brain, I sat in the lab, my mind racing. I tried to copy the pattern of her infected brain, to map it somehow—like a digital echo. I thought, if I could just transfer the essence of who she was into this new brain, maybe something would survive. But every time I tried, the chaos of her broken brain slipped through my fingers, like sand.

Within a minute, Alistair returned, holding a small, cold package in his hands—this time, a healthy brain. I couldn't ask him what I was thinking; I couldn't even let the question form. Instead, when I saw that brain, something inside me sparked—hope, maybe, or just a terrible resolve. I knew the mistake had been that the maggots had devoured her brain, and this time, with a healthy one, maybe, just maybe, something could spark.

I gave the order. The scalpel moved again. I implanted the brain, my heart pounding, and then, I injected the vial once more. But as the liquid coursed through her, something horrible happened. One of her eyes suddenly bulged out, and a thin stream of dark blood ran from her socket. I stepped back, paralyzed by fear, but then she moved—she stood, rising up in front of me. My chest tightened, and I stepped closer, barely daring to ask.

"Lila… Rainbow Girl… are you truly here?" I whispered, the darkness settling in around me.

Alistair started laughing—sharp, bitter, and cold. "You little copy of a monkey," he sneered. "You actually did it. You brought someone back to life. I thought the humanoids from the planet Mars were the weakest versions I'd ever seen, but you—" he shook his head, "you surpassed them all." I was stunned. I whispered, "Mars? What are you talking about? This is planet A0" Alistair grinned darkly. "Oh, you haven't figured it out. Of course you haven't. You see, you humanoids are just copies—cheap imitations of the perfect race called humans. You never realized it, but you're worse than them. In the future, there will be a planet called

Earth where these humans will grow in numbers, and near the end times of Earth, they started human cloning. I had a plan. I brought two of these so-called humanoids with me back to the past, to a time when this planet had enough to sustain life. After I left the two in Mars, they started mating like monkeys, and in a few hundred years, this planet was filled with you humanoids. It's disgusting how both humans and humanoids are both designed just to pass on their genes. 'The most intelligent creations of the creator,' my foot."

I couldn’t move. My mind spun. And before I could even ask another question, Alistair said, “You actually did your research. You helped me reach my goal. So now, I’ll let you be. Take this vial of immortality, sell it, and live out your life.” And with that, he turned, and Lila, still moving like a shadow beside him, walked toward the door.

I ran after them, calling, “Alistair, who are you?” But he didn’t turn. He just kept walking, and I suddenly realized something was wrong. I thought of him all these years—just a man by my side—but now he was something else. He stepped back and said, “Over time, I had many names. Some called me Satan. Others called me Lucifer. Some called me Shaitan.” Then, as he crossed the door, he said, “Now it’s time for me to go back to the future, to finish what I began.”

I was left in silence, as never before in the history of Planet A0—no, in the entire history of the humanoids—had anyone seen this. And as they vanished through the door, I ran after them, desperate, but when I reached it—there was nothing. Just emptiness, like a door to nowhere, and I was left alone with a silence that would never end.

After that night, Rafael couldn't make sense of what happened. His mind fractured, and instead of grieving, he clung to his research like a lifeline. He believed he had stumbled onto the cure for mortality itself. So he took his work and went to a hospital, stood before a live audience, and in that moment—he brought a dead person back to life.

The world exploded. Especially on Mars, where everyone dreamed of immortality. Everyone wanted the vial, but it was worth a fortune. In a few years, Rafael was no longer just a doctor—he was a target. He was kidnapped, taken, and tortured by

shadowy figures who forced him to perfect the vial, to perfect his research. Day after day, he was broken down—until he lost himself completely.

And as his mind shattered, so did the world. Nations on Mars went to war, all desperate for that vial. The thirst for immortality drove them mad. And in their madness, they reached for nuclear weapons. In the end, all life on Mars was erased—just a dead world, hollowed out by greed.

“Rafael destroyed his own race. For these humanoids, there is no afterlife. When they close their eyes, there is nothing—no heaven, no hell. They are lost forever”

Satan hovered over the barren surface of Mars, his voice like a whip cracking through the cold air. “You all ran after greed. You fought for kings, but the kings never cared for you. Now there is nothing left of you. No kings, no saviors—WHO IS YOUR KING NOW?” His gaze swept across the dead planet, then he turned to Rainbow Girl. “My dear, throughout my time on Earth, I helped many humans rise. They sang, they danced, they became leaders—worshipped as gods. Imagine what they would do if they saw you—something dark, something magical. They would call you a savior. “Anything you order me to do I shall make it a reality” said the Rainbow girl. He smiled darkly, then placed a hand on her shoulder. “We have work to do. I will take you to the future. Humans, through all time, have always needed a spark. They followed them—sang, prayed, built empires. I gave them that spark, guided them into darkness. And if you step into their future, they will worship you—
But you won’t be just another messiah…….
You will be their false messiah.”

[The End]

DEATH IS NOT A WALL. IT'S A DOOR. AND I JUST FOUND THE KEY.

In a world without faith, a desperate brother attempts the impossible: reverse-engineering mortality for his beloved sister, the 'Rainbow Girl.' But his work only opens the door to something far older and darker.

As the line between life and obsession blurs, a fragile existence unravels, and the **truth** will shatter a world. What comes back might not be a [redacted].

Rainbow Girl: Order of Decay. A cosmic horror story.